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# RESTORATION



MADONNA HOUSE CHAPEL

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No. 12.

## Journey Inward

By

Catherine de Hueck Doherty

In Advent, I remember, the pilgrims multiplied at our house. My childish heart was delighted at their arrival. It meant that more stories would be forthcoming at eventide—in my beloved kitchen of the many spicy smells. Especially I loved Advent because the pilgrims told stories about Christmas, one of my favorite feasts.

But one night, a pilgrim told us something else than a story. She gave us a sort of homily, I guess you would call it today. And this is what she said:

"If your heart is pure, and your soul loving, and you have tried to serve the Lord with all your might, through a given year, then go forth the night before Christmas, into the open — and prayerfully behold what you shall see and hear.

"And what you shall see and hear, will be nature rejoicing at the holy night and making ready to welcome the Christ Child. And if you listen well — maybe you will, in a manner of speaking, see the Christ Child coming. I cannot tell how. Maybe the Angels will transport you to Bethlehem. Or maybe the most Holy Mother of God will transport Bethlehem to you. All I can say is that it may happen to you!"

I thought much, in later years, about that little homily of an old Pilgrim woman in Russia, who enjoyed my parents' hospitality one Advent long ago. And I wrote this poem about my meditations:

The splendor  
Is approaching  
In shafts  
Of a thousand  
Lights.

The power  
And the glory  
Make darkness  
Light,  
That shines,  
And makes the  
Night resplendent,  
Bedecked  
Her  
With a  
Million Burning  
Stars.

The trees  
Stand straight  
In sheer  
Delight.  
The wild  
Things  
Of forest  
And of fields  
Chant  
Matins.  
And the flowers  
And grass  
Bend low  
In endless  
Glorias.

The waters  
Sing  
Alleluias.  
The sea  
Would be  
A rocking  
Cradle.

The stars  
And spheres  
Weave  
And bind  
Themselves  
In strands  
That  
Will  
Make  
Of the cradle  
Of the sea  
A thing  
Of beauty  
Unsurpassed,  
For  
They  
Will  
Hold  
And  
Holding,  
Sing  
Their starlit  
Lullabies  
Of awe.

The earth  
In passionate  
Desire,  
Is all  
Afire  
With  
Expectancy  
Of Infinity  
That in an  
Instant  
Will  
Touch  
Its periphery.

The sun,  
The moon,  
The snow,  
The rain,  
Sing  
And sing  
Their  
Love refrain

For Splendor is  
Approaching  
In shafts of a  
Thousand lights.  
And power  
Wrapped in glory  
Makes  
Darkness light.

Alone  
I stand  
And watch  
And hear  
And see  
The trees,  
The grass,  
The flowers,  
The wild  
Things  
And the tame,  
The waters,  
The stars and  
Spheres  
Wait . . .  
Wait . . .  
Wait . . .  
And watch  
The earth,  
In passionate  
Desire,  
Take fire  
With  
Expectancy  
Of the Infinity  
That in an instant  
Will touch  
Its periphery.

Then quite  
Suddenly  
It seems  
To me  
That the earth  
Was transfigured  
Into strange  
Ecstasy . . .  
That transcended  
That of the waters—  
The sea  
The trees!

Then all  
Living things  
Ceased to be,  
For all  
Were embraced . . .  
Encompassed . . .  
Absorbed . . .  
In one GLORIA  
That soared  
Higher  
Than stars  
In a note  
Of exultancy!  
Binding  
Heaven and earth  
And the Universe  
In the perfection  
Of Reality!

(Continued on Page Four)

## Christmas Love Feast

Christmas at Madonna House is a joyous time, for Advent (and even the two weeks before Advent begins) is spent in making ourselves the hands of Love.

Our begging letter was written early in September. Since then love-tokens to the Christ-Child have been pouring in with an ever-increasing volume, through the blue door of Madonna House. And we have been sorting and wrapping. We are filling huge cartons with the gifts that our friends have been so generously, so lovingly, sending us for Him.

### The School Children

First to be filled are the cartons that will go to the little rural schools lost in the big forests that surround us on all sides in this rural area.

Lovingly, the lists we received from these schools are scrutinized. The name of each child is carefully written on some parcel that has been gayly wrapped and specially chosen. The next cartons to be filled are for specific villages or farming communities where there are families with many children. They would have received little, at this joyous season, were it not for our wondrous friends.

Next come the cartons for the shut-ins, those who live alone, those who are old and lonely.

Finally we will fill the cartons for "very special cases" of poverty.

The many hands at Madonna House will work fast and well, while hearts sing joyous songs of gratitude and love to God, and to those who have made it possible for us, to prepare the gifts for God's own poor.

### A Love Feast

While all this sorting, wrapping and packing goes on in the basement of Madonna House, the kitchen is busy baking and cooking for the holy season.

Our Christmas meal is part of the liturgical worship of the Church. It is a love-feast, an agape, as the early Christians used to call every meal . . . for the Lord chose a meal to institute the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist—His love-token to us.

The cook and her assistants—each female Staff Worker spends four to six months learning how to cook—are baking the Christmas food of many lands. Thus one more lesson—about the Mystical Body of Christ and its closeness—is taught, especially to the new-comers to our vocation and apostolate. Thus their vision of "the whole" will be enlarged.

The kitchen is responsible for

the cookies, the Christmas cakes and the homemade candies that will go to the shut-ins, the oldsters and the lonely ones. (Wonderful smells come from the kitchen — Charity dwells there — joyously!)

Up in the chapel the choir practices for Midnight Mass and the beloved familiar carols that are hummed all day by everybody.

### The Right Tree

In the men's department, much thought and work go into obtaining trees—the big Christmas tree for Madonna House, and the little ones that will accompany the "goodies" for the shut-ins.

Christmas tree bulbs, and other electrical decorations are being tested. And hundreds of pounds of green fir branches are cut for the Advent wreath and for the Christmas wreaths that will decorate our many doors and windows.

Everything will be ready for the great night. The common room, with its well-decorated fresh Christmas tree will hold tables covered with table cloths—and well decorated—in proper seasonal attire. And two large tables will proudly display the Christmas fare of many nations to show everyone who comes that we are all one in the Lord.

A little before Midnight everyone, dressed in the finery which the charity of friends has given us (for we dress from the clothing room, like our poor) will gather at the foot of the stairs leading to the chapel. All our artists decorate this stairway with great and loving care. It is, frankly, a place of joy and beauty.

Then our chaplain will come, with the Christ Child in his hands. He will head the procession up the stairway to the chapel. We follow him, as an escort to God.

And then—behold the Child lies in the manger prepared for Him!

The Mass will start. The beautiful Gregorian songs of the Church will rise to heaven in all their glory—making a stairway of music for all present—to ascend unto the heavenly Bethlehem.

The Mass over, we will gather in the candle-lit common room, at the beautifully decorated tables (They are decorated by the ingenuity of love, out of small things well used, that create sheer beauty).

And we shall partake of the Agape . . . the love-meal—sharing the love for Christ that is in our hearts—with one another, and with the world!

Indeed Christmas is a lovely time at Madonna House!

## GLORY TO GOD!—TO YOU GOD'S PEACE AND LOVE!

I was all set to write you an Eddy for Christmas, and a Love Letter also. But I got to thinking of the little Christmas angel O'Ryan—or Orion, if you'd rather spell the name that way—and it occurred to me that I could send you all my love and good wishes through the tiny cherub. He's waiting for you at the Crib. God bless you. E. J. D.

By Eddie Doherty

"Tis a story the Irish, and them of Irish blood, tell the children on Advent nights, when the stars shine brightest and little eyes grow biggest with the wonder of the Christ child's borning.

"Tis the story of the Angel Orion, a wee cherub not long from his mother's milk, and as holy and zealous and curious a spirit as any new ordained priest. Aye, and just as ignorant of the world.

Some hold he was called after the star, the great constellation venerated by race after race of ancient savages. But there are others, and their name is legion, who insist that his mother, God rest her soul, who was guardian angel to the O'Ryan of Derrybeg in Donegal, named him after one of the clan.

Be that as it may the story has it that Orion, within a year of his weaning, was given permission to visit the earth by himself, and to have a look around as part of his angelic education. Sure it's like that in heaven. An angel must travel a bit and talk to people before he amounts to anything. An untraveller angel hasn't a chance up there. The big angels look at him in a funny way. "Bedad", they say, "this one's still wet behind the wings."

So Orion kissed his sisters goodbye, packed a bit of lunch, and set off on his great adventure. God must have smiled on him kindly as He watched him go, knowing the love in the tiny cherub's heart. And the Almighty must also have found a great delight in our bold hero, because of one perfection of him.

There are those few, it must be admitted, who will have it only one way, that God was so busy planning a greater delight—not only for heaven but for the world as well—that He had no time to witness the angel's flight. But sure there's heresy in that, since God knows everything and loves every creature He has made.

### Does An Angel Study?

Let them quibble who will, there is no doubt of one thing. Orion's heart and soul was filled with the love of God, and his great intention in visiting the earth was to bring back something to the Lord of Heaven. Something exquisite and holy. Something that would make God even happier than He was—which was impossible, of course. But what does an angel know of theology?

"Wurra, wurra," the worried angel said to himself as he came closer and closer to the Emerald Isle, "what would Himself be wanting most from this strange planet? That I must bring Him." Scarce had the words said themselves in his mind before he found himself in a bed of shamrocks, and the lights of a cottage shining in his eyes.

"Men", he said. He flapped his wings for a minute or two, to chase off the dew collected from the shamrocks, and to give himself a dash of courage. Men were beings he had never seen, and he didn't know how to approach them.

But sure it was nothing for him to walk through the walls and into the house, as though there were no walls at all at all. And there, in a crib before the fireplace he saw a baby, and him smiling in his sleep. The angel was transformed on the instant by the sight. Never had he seen such strange beauty. Not even in heaven was there anything just like this. A beauty all of earth.

"How the good God would enjoy this", he thought. And he was just about to carry the baby's smile up with him to the highest heaven when he became aware of the baby's guardian angel.

"Scram", this one said to him. "Off with you, now, you little omadhou, before I lose my temper."

Orion was abashed. "I meant no harm, dear sir", he said. "It was just admiring the child, I was. It is a child, isn't it? Or maybe it's a woman or a man?"

### An Angelic Gabfest

The ignorance of the cherub softened the big angel; but it didn't amuse him, as it might have amused a man.

"There now", he said, "I didn't mean to be harsh, nor to be big and important to the likes of you. No indeed. But I have a job to do, do you see? 'Tis I must guard this one and make a man of him, if I can. 'Tis I must send up all his smiles, all his good deeds, all the things God wants most from Him. And, when he dies, 'tis I must bring his soul to heaven—if heaven be open to him at that time."

He watched the little angel peering about the room with his bright eyes, and took pity on him. With a few quiet words he put him at ease and gave him the lay of the land. What's more, he introduced him to the angels guarding the child's father and mother.

They had a great gossiping, the four of them, discussing the things of heaven and earth. And as Orion set off for other parts of the world, the baby's guardian said a strange thing to him.

"Merry Christmas", he said.

Orion pondered that as he flew through the skies, but couldn't make head or tail of it. He pondered too a significant fact. The angels guarding the baby's parents looked old and haggard and thin, though they weren't a second older than the young fellow guarding the baby. Sure it must be the devil of a job, guarding the earthlings who had grown out of their babyhood. The guardian angel of the baby's father had actually grown gray!

But Orion outdistanced these thoughts the farther he flew. It was a fine night, the stars were glorious, and the wind in his face reminded him of the breath of God. What could he bring God?

Maybe the sorrow of a dying sinner sorry for his sins. He had picked up enough of the Irish angel's lingo to learn about sins and sinners, and God's love for them as repent even in the moment of their dying.

### Angels On Strike?

But where was he to find a repentant sinner? The Irish said they existed only in Ireland. No where else in the world were there people who sinned so boldly, they said, or repented so violently. Sure nowhere else in the world did a sinner repent at all, at all! The situation was so acute in the rest of the world that some of the angels had been talking of a sit down strike.

"Wurra, wurra," Orion said again and again.

It would be a fine thing to find one of those sinners, and his angel on a strike. It would be a fine thing to make him repent and bring his clean soul up to Limbo to await the happy day.

"Glory be to God", he said to himself all of a sudden. "Merry Christmas—that's what the angel meant. Sure 'tis Christmas eve, and what with the excitement of the trip and all. I clean forgot!"

He looked at the stars and saw he still had time to dip down to this country and that in quest of a dying sinner. And this he did, in nation after nation. In Spain he found a man dying in a palace, with gold pieces all around him, and things hammered and bent and molded out of gold and

(Continued on Page Four)

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## WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Poignant is the cry of every new-born Child. But nothing . . . nothing on earth . . . is more poignant than the cry of a new-born Child unheeded and unheard by anyone! . . . For within this Child is all the loneliness . . . of all humanity . . . and of each man, separately, of all the men that ever were . . . that are . . . and ever will be.

In it are all the tragedies, all the sufferings . . . all the pains, each man has known, or will know unto the end of time.

Poignant, piercing, and frightening is the cry of a new-born Child, whom no one hears or heeds. It begins on a high note of hope . . . continues on a lower range of pain . . . and tapers off into the silence of exhaustion, leaving, at long last, nothing but silence. A silence bringing the face of Death into the midst of man.

Christmas is a season of joy! Because Earth has heard the cry of a new-born Child . . . Who is also God! . . .

Christmas is a season of joy, because the Promised One, the Desired One, the Expectation of Nations, had finally come, in the unexpected beautiful shape of a Baby . . . a new-born Baby!

His cry then was heard by two loving hearts—Mary and Joseph . . . and by a few animals.

The years went by, as years are wont to do, and that cry became a song of joy . . . of gladness . . . of great rejoicing in the hearts of men. But in a little while, as God counts time, something happened to the minds and hearts and souls of men; something that blocked their ears and made them deaf to the cry of that One Child.

Today, in the year of grace Nineteen Fifty-nine, mankind once again, if it is capable of hearing, will have the inexpressible joy, the incredible benediction, of hearing again that cry of a new-born Child.

Is humanity capable of hearing it today? The deafening noise of launching satellites, of missile guns, of jet planes that break time . . . The endless daily noise of swiftly moving traffic, jangling telephones, monotonously screaming radios and television sets . . . all conspire to shut out the Baby's cry.

But more than all the outward noises of our loud, speed-crazy, canned civilization, the noises in our minds and hearts and souls, make us deaf to the gentle joyous cry.

The Christ Child wants to be heard by every person living and walking on this earth of ours. For it is for everyone that He came. He wants to be taken into everyone's heart. And He passionately desires to be placed in the crib of every human heart. For this—He came too.

Restlessness, fear, selfishness, self-centeredness, and the endless ever-changing row of idols each makes unto himself deafen us to the cry of the Child Who came to bring us all we seek . . . which is contained in one word, Himself, LOVE!

To be loved, and to love, is all that we really want. On Christmas, His cry contains the joyous incredible inexpressible news . . . THAT HE LOVED US FIRST . . . FOR THIS LOVE HE WAS BORN . . . and that our happiness consists in loving Him Back.

So often a new-born Child cries alone, with only a few hearts ready to become a crib for Him . . . with only a few souls ready to pick Him up and sing Him the lullaby of their love. Because only a few ears hear His pleading cry.

He Who was born FOR EACH AND EVERY-ONE OF US is ignored, left untended, and unloved. And by, alas so many!

Perhaps that is why mankind in our age and time, is filled with so many fears . . . is slave to a panic that rushes them across the face of the earth. Perhaps that is why mankind has nothing left to behold but the face of its own death.

In His mercy God has given us still time. Let us then arise and go, like the Three-Kings, bringing the gifts of our love, of our joy, of our gratitude, to Him Who came to give us all that our hearts may ever desire.

We will not have to journey as far as the kings. For, these days, He is easy to find. He lies in Churches. He lies in anyone who passes by. He lies in our neighbor.

## The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

"If you ask me what time is," says St. Augustine, "I do not know. If you don't ask me, I do know." Perhaps this remark can be applied to love. If you ask me what it is, I do not know where to begin, for love embraces all things, all people are related to love—as an end, a beginning, or a means. God is Love. Because He loves he has created me and us for a personal-communal union with Him, and through Him with one another.

Because He is Love, He has made all things for me—us, people, stars, food, beauty, clothing, shelter, knowledge (and this includes all the sciences), the arts, inventions, the Church,—all are given to me—us as means to this union of Love.

### Love and Peace

Each thing seeks its own good. Irrational creatures do this mechanically or by instinct. Man also seeks his own good, with this difference, that he has an intelligence whereby to figure out what is his real good, his real perfection, his true fulfillment, among the multitude of things and people which attract him.

To be attracted by the goodness of an object is at the origin of our love for it; that is the love of desire, and in the measure in which we are attracted, in that measure will we seek the means for union with that object. For the fulfillment of love is in union, which produces joy in the measure in which the union is satisfying. And peace. The restless man has not found his perfection, his fulfillment; he is still unsatisfied.

Thus is goodness diffusive of itself; it attracts, it begins the movement which ends in union and rest.

But there are many "goods" and many levels of love in us.

### Love As Emotion

An emotion or passion is defined as: a vehement movement of the sensitive appetite towards sensible good, reacting more or less strongly on the bodily organism. And love as emotion is a yearning for union with a person or thing that pleases us, a yearning which is felt, which is sensitive, which reacts upon the body. Boy loves girl; he yearns for her presence; his heart beats faster; he becomes flushed. I love steak, wine, Beethoven; this yearning is born of an appreciation by the sensible part of man that girl, steak, wine, music, is good for me, it satisfies.

But man's emotions are not blind. He has a reason with which to assess whether or not this person or thing is satisfying to his full nature of body and soul, whether it is in accordance with right reason, or purely animalistic. His reason instructs his spiritual appetite, the will, to control or moderate or turn away the sensible appetite from the pursuit of this particular sensible good. For instance, in matters of drink, reason moderates the sensible appetite by indicating the irrationality of over-drinking.

### Paging Maturity

There are also intellectual goods, moral goods, which reason apprehends. It directs the will to their pursuit, and the will directs the emotions with more or less success, depending on the self-control acquired, to participate in the acquisition of this superior good, even if they don't love it, v.g. going to school on a beautiful day, going to work day in and day out to provide for one's family, etc.

The ideal, of course, is when reason, will, and emotions are one. Then you will have passionate study, passionate attention to work, passionate love of the rational or moral good. This takes maturity.

But man is more than appetite for sensible or moral good. He has an appetite for supernatural good perceived by faith. His fulfillment is not in having his sensitive nature satisfied, by bodily comforts, (although a sufficiency is required); nor his rational nature satisfied by knowledge and natural virtues (although here again a sufficiency is required); his fulfillment is beyond anything created. God has given the Christian at Baptism an appetite for Himself, the virtue of Charity, Caritas, which is Love for God, and for neighbor because of God.

Why does it seem that so few love God, and neighbor for God? Because they do not apprehend that God is the best Good, because they feel that something else is better for them, because

they are trying to satisfy their hunger for fulfillment by means of sensible goods or intellectual or moral ones, because unruly emotions disturb the mind's peaceful assessment of the truths of Faith, because of selfishness, and an absence of proper love of self.

### Faith and Reason

To appreciate that God is the Best Good in Himself is the task of Faith and Reason. Emotion plays little or no part in this. Emotion need play no part, and it is in this sense that we say: "Feelings don't count." But gradually, as Faith becomes the guide of one's actions, as one lives in Faith, the whole man and all his faculties are directed to the one purpose: God. And a passionate lover has been born.

Charity develops through many stages, with Our Lady's tender help:

1. Disappointed by the pursuit of other goods, or fearing condemnation, or attracted by another person's goodness, we begin to desire natural goods less and turn our soul towards God, wondering if He might not be the answer to our seeking.

2. The emotions are purified, assessed, made subject to reason and will, while faith gradually looks more and more at God, appreciating His Goodness, the Love of His Sacred Heart; Christ becomes our friend and God our God; we see that He has loved us first and for free, quite unselfishly for our good.

3. Realizing that He is Goodness, that He invites us to share in the Redemption, that the Cross is the way He loved us, then we too desire to follow His example, to share in Redemption, to be crucified with Him. "In this we have known the charity of God because he hath laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." 1 Jn. 111, 16.

### Love Is Giving

We understand then that to love is to give: one's possessions, one's desires, one's emotions, oneself to Him and neighbor.

Love chose pain to reveal His face, and in the measure in which we agree to share in that pain do we reveal the Face of Love, the Face of Christ, in that measure do we love; in that measure do we find JOY, because we have found Him Whom we desired.

Love is a great mystery which the God of Love reveals to His little ones. They need no explanation; they know and understand because they love, because they are small in their own eyes, because they have realized that the Lord loves them, and have rejoiced at being loved by Him.

## Letter From Kerala

"This is a coastal parish of nearly 4000 people, mostly fisher folk, and the poorest of the poor. I'd like to tell you what a young man, to whom I gave a copy of Restoration, said to me. 'Father, there is a wonderful spirit of Charity in this paper.' This is what attracted me to it in the first place, so you can imagine how pleased I was that it should strike a similar chord in the heart of this Catholic young man. Oh how I wish more and more people would realize that the corner stone of all our social apostolates is pure and simple love of neighbor. I know you are having a tough time in your work. Please be assured you have my prayers. You have no idea how great an encouragement it is to lone priests like me to know of your good work. I won't start weeping on your shoulder. Just want to say thanks for the real good writing in Restoration." Rev. Fr. Christie Daniel, St. Raphael's Seminary, Quilon, Kerala, South India.

## In His Name

Catholic literature of all kinds is wanted by Very Rev. A. J. Fernandez, director of the Catholic Information Service, R.C. Cathedral, Calicut 1, Kerala, South India — "to counteract Communist influence in the state of Kerala."

Help is asked by Motier Mary Therese of St. Anne's Orphanage, Royapuram, Madras, 13, India. She has 6 orphanages and 750 orphans to look after. She needs better buildings, repairs, and most everything one can think of, including cash and prayers.

The Rev. Fr. L. Mwanahum, Catholic Mission, Port Herald, Nyasaland, B.C.A.—P.O. 2 writes "Do you know some priest who may have extra Mass intentions? Our bishop sometimes runs short of them."

## Christmas Honors List

By Mary Ruth

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — There is a little verse I read somewhere which goes like this:

"My life must touch a million lives  
As on my way I go  
From this hard land of struggle  
To the land I do not know.  
So this the wish I always wish  
The prayer I always pray—  
Let my life help the other lives  
It touches day by day!"

Certainly that is a wonderful little prayer and the right attitude to have in life. For we are here to love; to show the Face of Christ to our neighbor, and when that becomes our major concern self shrivels before the light of Grace which shines anew like the Star of Bethlehem over another place where Christ is born again into the world!

I have been thinking much lately about all the wonderful people I know in Whitehorse; the wonderful souls whose love and heroism have shown me the Face of Christ and have touched my life to make it better indeed! I should like today, to mention a few of them using fictitious names for obvious reasons.



### Forget Arthritis!

First there are Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who childless for years, found a way to serve and to bring other children the love they could not bring to their own. Recently they were here at Maryhouse adopting their third child. Mrs. Wilson has severe arthritis, and her stiffening hands make work difficult, but she says: "If I keep busy with these little ones and forget it, then I am better. And the joy they bring us!" She beamed with a motherly love I shall not soon forget. When Mr. Wilson came home at night the children ran screaming to him, "Daddy! Look, Daddy is here!" They ran into his arms. I thought, "Whosoever receives one such little child in my name" . . . And I felt renewed for having known such a couple as the Wilsons!

We hear so much about teenagers lately . . . in such a derogatory way. One nearly comes to the conclusion that "teen-ager" is synonymous for "problem," "delinquent" etc. That is because we so much more easily concentrate on the evil we hear than the good. The other morning a little teen-ager came to me. "I've been up since four o'clock this morning," she said, "and I'm not a bit tired. It was my mother's birthday, and I wanted to make her a nice cake." Haven't you heard teen-agers classed as selfish, self-centered, and ungrateful?

### Mea Maxima Culpa

We are too quick to "condemn" young people. We are not looking at them closely enough. We are too quick to class all with a few who have gone astray, when perhaps we should be saying "Mea Culpa!" because we have not tried to understand them, to love them.

A few evenings ago at Benediction I sat behind Margaret. The Church bell doesn't ring but Margaret is there in a front pew. Saturday night usually finds her in the line waiting for Confession. She is cute, pretty, full of fun, much liked. She has her values straight, and has kept them that way in some pretty difficult circumstances. She uses her influences at school and is a leader among her fellow students but never at the price of compromise! A generation ago that might not have been considered heroic. Today it certainly borders on heroism.

Mrs. Brown has just given birth to her thirteenth child. She joyfully brought it home from the hospital. It was wanted, and the love and attention it receives is beautiful to behold. The sly remarks of neighbors, that her husband makes little and they haven't the money to educate them all, doesn't phase Mrs. Brown. She is more concerned that they get to heaven than to college. Her children put God first.

### Ticket To Heaven

Last night I stood by the bed of an old man dying of cancer . . . a man who has walked with pain for many weeks. I marvelled at the way he joked and tried to send us away laughing. That is, I did until I realized from whence came his strength. He realizes that in clasping hands with pain he has hold of the Cross and the One Who hung thereon. His is a wisdom not of the world, for he knows that his cancer is a ticket to Heaven. Being ready to go, he is joyful!

These are my heroes and heroines—these and many more. And as I kneel at the Crib this Christmas at Midnight, I shall thank the Infant Christ that I have known them. They have shown me His Star in the East, and have enkindled it in my heart.

## "And There was Light"

By Kathleen Cronin

"And on the first day of creation God said, 'Let there be light' and there was light. God saw that the light was good . . . And on the fourth day God said, 'Let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to separate the day from night, let them serve as signs and for the fixing of seasons, days and years. Let them serve as lights in the firmament of the heavens to shed light upon the earth . . ."

"God saw that light was good," for light warmed the earth, fed the plants and allowed man to see. A man is blind who goes about fumbling and groping in the dark. But once he comes into the light his eyes receive light and he walks with sure strides, without fear. The sunlight illuminates the earth bringing out the earth's beauty. As it touches the leaves of a tree the leaves grow a deeper truer green. As it touches a body of water, the water appears to be a deeper, richer blue. Thus light enhances the beauty of God's earth.

### Fiat Lux Gratiae

In the beginning, God also gave man another light—that which shines from sanctifying grace. Sanctifying grace is the supernatural light of man, whereby he can see the beauty and glory of God.

Adam and Eve first possessed these lights (natural and supernatural lights) and they saw the beauty of the earth and of God. One day, they became blind to supernatural light and saw only by the natural light. They saw the beauty of a shiny red apple tempting to the palate. This blinded them to God's commandment. They saw only their human and natural wants, so they picked and ate the apple. They groped about blindly in sin.

God knew light was good! So, because of His love for man and for good, He gave man's soul a new light—His Son, the LIGHT and the WAY.

### Light Is Good

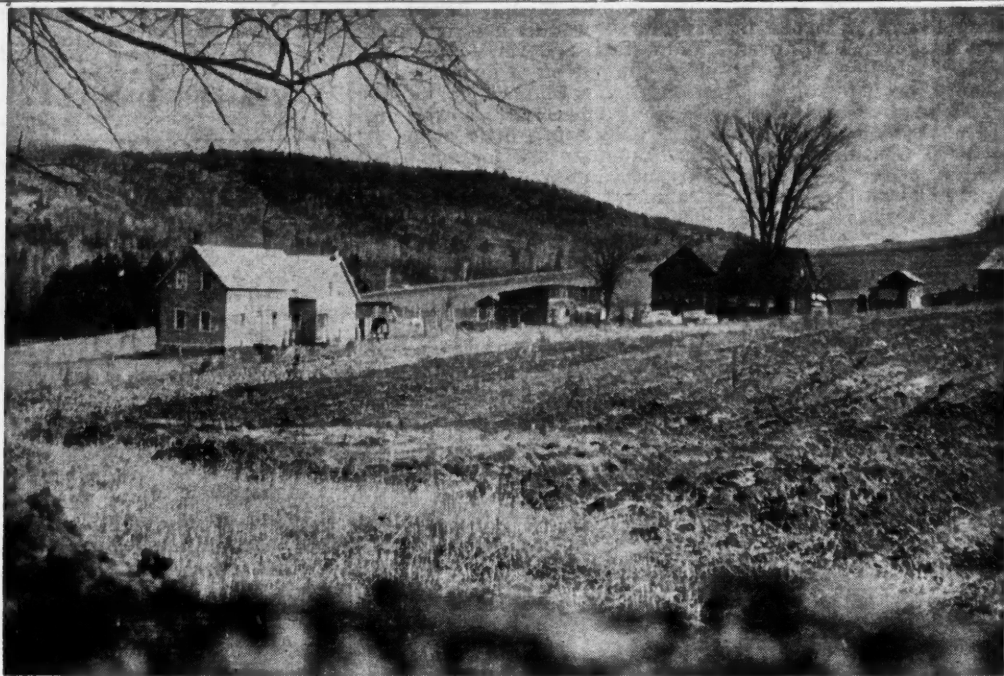
The Son, by the institution of the Sacrament of Baptism, by His death on the Cross, and by His Resurrection and ascension became the soul's new light—this is the light of LOVE! For, until man is reborn again of water, and until man loves, his soul will be blind. But once he obtains the light of LOVE his soul will stop its staggering about in the darkness, and will walk with steady strides toward God, the Creator of all light.

The light of Baptism is a spark that will, if man loves, grow into a glowing flame, lighting up his spiritual life. This light of LOVE is important. Without it the spark might flicker and die!

The flame of love is not easy to start. It takes many pieces of small kindling, and of logs, obtained only by reliving the life of Christ—namely, love, sacrifice, and the Cross.

Let us say to ourselves, "be not blind. Do not let the spark of Baptism die. Give your soul light. Build up your wood supply. Protect it. Keep it dry. And set it ablaze. Love God and neighbor. Sacrifice. Carry your Cross." Then there will be light and you will see that light is good—FOR IT IS GOD!





This is what St. Benedict's Acres looked like when it became the property of Madonna House, and after it had been plowed. You should see the place today. That white building to the left, a plain country house, now has a chapel in it; and a beautiful new kitchen has been placed on the far side of it, where the old tumble-down porch used to be. Outside the kitchen there is an open oven where the best bread in the Americas is baked. We bake lots of bread. We raise lots of things here. Our potatoes took first prize at the Renfrew County Fair. You should see the prize crops of stones we have taken out of some of the fields; and you should see the crop of potential saints working there. Only the harvest will show whether the crop is good, medium, or bad. Mr. Ronald MacDonnell is the farm manager.

## Men Make Farms

By Louis Stoeckle

All Souls Day. It is a gray day at St. Benedict's Acres. The wind is howling, and flakes of snow are struggling vainly to find refuge from it. Darkness is settling on the fields. The hills are touched with the red of the setting sun. It is four o'clock in the evening.

"St. Ben's" is located on a winding secondary highway that climbs up and up several hundred feet to the little community of Craigmont. There are only a few families living on this sub-marginal land. Our farm of 300 acres serves our apostolate by supplying tons of fresh vegetables, milk, eggs cheese and meat.

Yet it is more than a farm. To think of it only as a producer of food would be a mistake. It is not to be compared to the farms in our community. The neighboring farmers have large families. They are able to persuade enough from the rocky hills barely to provide for themselves.

But St. Ben's, though much the same as the other surrounding farmlands, rocky, hilly and sandy, has to serve as a food producer for more than 60 people, and as a unit of Madonna House lay apostolic Training Center as well.

Many people think we are either very wealthy, or that we are very poor farmers. They base this judgment of the fact that we have such a large crew doing the work—milking, painting, carpentry, construction of all types, culling hens, making cheese, and forking manure to spread on our fields.

But this seemingly large staff are here not just to learn the techniques of plowing, de-rocking fields, and sowing grain. Our staff has also to learn the dignity of manual labor, the liturgy, credit unions and co-operatives, and all other phases of knowledge pertinent to our apostolate.

Young men and women every year are sent from Madonna House to Yukon, Arizona, Texas, Alberta and Oregon to serve in the various works mandated by the bishops.

The woman who bakes bread today over our al fresco oven may someday teach catechism to the natives in some isle of the Pacific. The man who today hauls rocks with our old relic of a tractor may tomorrow be organizing an inquiry class at our Catholic Information Center in Edmonton. Or he may be the one selected to help spread the light of faith to those groping in the darkness of ignorance and prejudice, near to us or very far away.

You can help him spread this light incidentally, by getting us some light on our farm. We need a 5000 watt 60 cycle generator. The cost is high—true. But the need is urgent. With electric power on St. Ben's, we can accomplish our work much more efficiently, and spend our evenings studying those things that will someday help us to fulfill the great desire of Pope John XXIII—that all men find the one true Church.

## Farms Make Men

By Jos. K. Hogan

"An apostle in the market place must be a rounded out person; a whole person, emotionally, spiritually, physically. He must be thoroughly formed to meet all mental and spiritual hazards—to stand firm against all temptations."

In Madonna House the beginning of this training is often made on the farm.

The farm St. Benedict's Acres is a place of beauty. Beauty is in the fields; in nearby Craigmont, in blue Madawaska, the river of the Canadian martyrs. Beauty is especially in the Autumn, when the Laurentian foothills light up in reds, yellows, and oranges, that can leave the spectator spellbound. Beauty is in the lure of the wild, for Combermere is still wild with deer, bear and wolf.

Our Ottawa valley is rich with the heritage of Canadian life, from Whitney to Calabogie. And it is strong with the heritage of the English, French, Polish, Scotch, and Irish who cleared its lands and built the endless stone fences which line its countryside. It is here that young men come to give their lives to God. Most are from the city. And what a change to country life! Here they have to pump water by hand! use outside toilets, live in not so warm houses, wash in cold water.

There is also, for the city lad, the problem of learning the many details of farm life. He does not know what straw is. He never saw a potato grow. Usually, he never worked with his hands. He never dug a hole. He never chopped down a tree.

So he learns by learning like a child; what a seed is, what soil is, how to hoe. In sacrifice of self he learns how to work; in harvest and haying time he works 12-14 hours a day.

What is the result of this sacrifice that the men of Madonna House make? We don't know all the results. But we do see a transformation of a man. From closeness to the soil, man learns the wonder of God's creation, His Providence, His unending bountifulness to man.

Wholeness is restored to the mind of a man by the rhythm of life, which allows him to use his mind and body in harmony. He learns how to be a co-creator with God in taking the things of earth and impressing his humanity upon them; hewing wood, renewing the soil, making God's abundance serve man by work. Madonna House is fed rich wholesome food by the sweat of our hands.

And so by milking cows, spreading manure, sawing firewood, the man becomes whole; mentally, spiritually, and physically. As his work and life is given to God, it is redemptive. He saves the world. His labor is an act of love to God.

This is but one of the ways in which Madonna House trains lay apostles for the market places. The farm is a training center. Love dwells there. And where love is, God is.

## Combermere Diary

We were happy to again welcome our dear friend, Bishop Coudert, of the Yukon, for a brief visit. This year he spoke to us about our new Holy Father, John XXIII, and gave us a warm insight into his personality and character.

One of the nice coincidences of the Bishop's visit, was that six years ago, on Mission Sunday, October 18th, he said the first Mass in our unfinished chapel; and this year again, on Mission Sunday, October 18th, this wonderful Missionary Bishop, celebrated Mass for us in the same chapel.

Also during the past month, two teachers from the Yukon paid us a visit, and showed some wonderful colored slides of the Territory, which helped us to understand better the country where Maryhouse is located. They were Miss Betty MacNeil, and Miss Beth Wightman.

Fr. Gene Cullinane, our chaplain from the Yukon, spent a few weeks with us, and we thoroughly enjoyed his presence and talks.

So far this seems to be more about the Yukon than Combermere! And a final thought—we received a donation of a few hundred pounds of moose meat, and felt like our brethren in the North as we ate it, for it is a frequent item of diet there.

Our men assisted in the erection of a new addition to the Community Center, St. Zita's, at the Cana Colony.

For four days we participated in a course in Leadership, and Community Recreation, given by Mr. Harold Harton, of the Community Programmes Branch of the Department of Education, of Ontario. Mr. G. H. Miller kindly arranged this excellent program for us.

The month of November was spent in sorting, preparing, and wrapping, over 2000 presents for school children and people in the area which the generosity of you, our readers and benefactors, made possible.

No matter what 1960 may hold in the way of joys and sorrows for all of us, we are indeed grateful for the blessings of your warm friendship, and kind donations of money and materials that has permitted our Apostolate to function in 1959.

## Winter in Combermere

The winter is white and wintry Here  
In Combermere—  
So full of peace,  
So full of pageantry:  
No matter where I look,  
The scenery  
Reveals remarkably  
Some mystery  
Of Mary.

—Father Gene

## Here Little Ones Go 60 Miles To School

"Madonna House has sure made a big difference in my life." This is from a letter written the editor by Miss Barbara Bruce of Curtice, O., who, after a short visit in Combermere, went to North Carolina to see what life was like among the "mountain people and the colored people." For several weeks she "worked in this vineyard" with the Glenmary Sisters, with the consent of their superior, Mother Catherine of the Glenmary Sisters Motherhouse, 4580 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati.

"I worked in an area around Spruce Pine, N.C.," she writes. "The parish has about 50 members, including children. All but 2 or 3 are converts. They sing Mass beautifully. After Mass they stand outside in the church yard and talk. There is no big rush to get home. Another girl and I spent four weeks answering such questions as 'Do nuns have hair?' do they shave their heads?' They do not come into contact often with the Sisters.

### Devil Interferes

"One Saturday afternoon, driving through Bakersville, N.C. with a couple of Sisters, I heard a street preacher shouting about hellfire and damnation. He had quite an audience. When he saw the Sisters he became excited. 'And there are some churches,' he bellowed, 'in which the true gospel is never spoken.' That wasn't enough. Sister Juliana parked the car near by, and he shouted 'Every time you start the Lord's work, the devil interferes.' I think he does not like Catholics.

"We went into Burnsville, parked the car, and went from house to house, just visiting and passing out literature. Most of the people were friendly when they saw we were really human. One man thought Sister Juliana was an actress from the local theatre, in costume. It was hard for him to believe she was a real live flesh-and-blood Glenmary Sister.

"The colored people we met are not poor by any means, but they are completely segregated. At one place they have to send their kids to a school sixty miles away because they are not allowed to enter a white school in their town. They had petitioned the local school board to allow their children to attend this school. A cross was burned on the hill near their settlement, one night. It made a big impression on them. You could see the defeated look in their eyes. They wanted so badly to obtain an education for their children.

"A settlement of Colored people, Plum Creek, about an hour away from Spruce Pine, had quite another problem. The white people built them a school. It is a beautiful modernistic building; but there are only 19 students in both the grade and the high school, which the building accommodates. And there are only 2 teachers for all the grades and the 19 pupils. They are proud of their building and the teachers—but they know the high school cannot be 'up to standard.'

"I had a class of 14 pre-schoolers for Bible class. We assembled in the yard of the Baptist minister. He listened to every thing I said but never made any comments. I taught the ten commandments. When it came to 'Thou shalt not steal,' my little ones decided it meant 'Don't steal apples.'

"In one small country town there is only one Catholic, a convert. You would just love him. He lives in a farmhouse with a wood-burning stove that makes the most delicious biscuits. None of his family is Catholic. It took courage for him to be one. He runs a store, and has been threatened many times that he would be run out of town, that the store would be burned, and he and all his helpers would be badly hurt. Each Saturday Fr. Schenk comes and says Mass for him, because he cannot get into Spruce Pine for Mass on Sunday. This Mass is held in a 'haunted house.'

### The Mystical Body

"Visiting the mountain cabins was quite an experience too. We met a large family that lived in one big room. The woman talked about the wicked cities, though she had never seen a city—not even Spruce Pine. Her husband stuck his head around the door every so often, quoted a line or two of Scripture, and then hid himself from us.

"It was hard, at first, to converse with people whose whole world was the ten square miles around their home; but when they learned we were really interested in them, they thawed a little. My favorite family was that of a widow with ten children. She had married outside the Church. She came to Mass on Sundays, after her husband died, but did not have the courage to return to the Sacraments. (Please remember her in your prayers.) She is extremely poor, but every Sunday she managed some kind of box for the Sisters. She gave out of her poverty, and we appreciated it.

"Now I am back at the hospital, taking dictation again. One night a week I teach Catechism to freshman girls. I think of you all so often. Madonna House is responsible for a lot of things in my life. Nobody here can understand why I no longer gripe about the work I do. Wish I had enough money to drive up there for

Christmas. Maybe I can make it for Easter. My experiences at Glenmary and Madonna House have certainly impressed upon me the meaning of the Mystical Body of Christ, which, as a convert, I had never completely understood before. With love in Our Lady of Combermere. Barbara."

## Love Needs No Words

By Maggie

Books speak of God  
And dare to teach  
His love for men.

A louder voice than theirs  
Has uttered deathless words  
Within the human soul.

The Lord of writers writes  
With many things, but all  
He writes is "love!"

The towering pine  
Is but a line  
To show almighty power.

The green wood mountain  
Speaks about His  
Peace for all mankind.

The blazing noonday sun  
But mildly hints  
The intensity of His love.

Dusk's quiet haze—  
We hear it whisper of  
His restfulness and peace.

The crashing ocean surf  
Shouts alleluia for  
His ever pursuing steps.

The bubbling brook  
Sings His elusiveness  
When sought by such as us.

The glories of the sunrise  
Tell the marvel of  
His burning zeal for souls.

The slowness of the sunset  
Dwells sweetly on  
His patience with the soul.

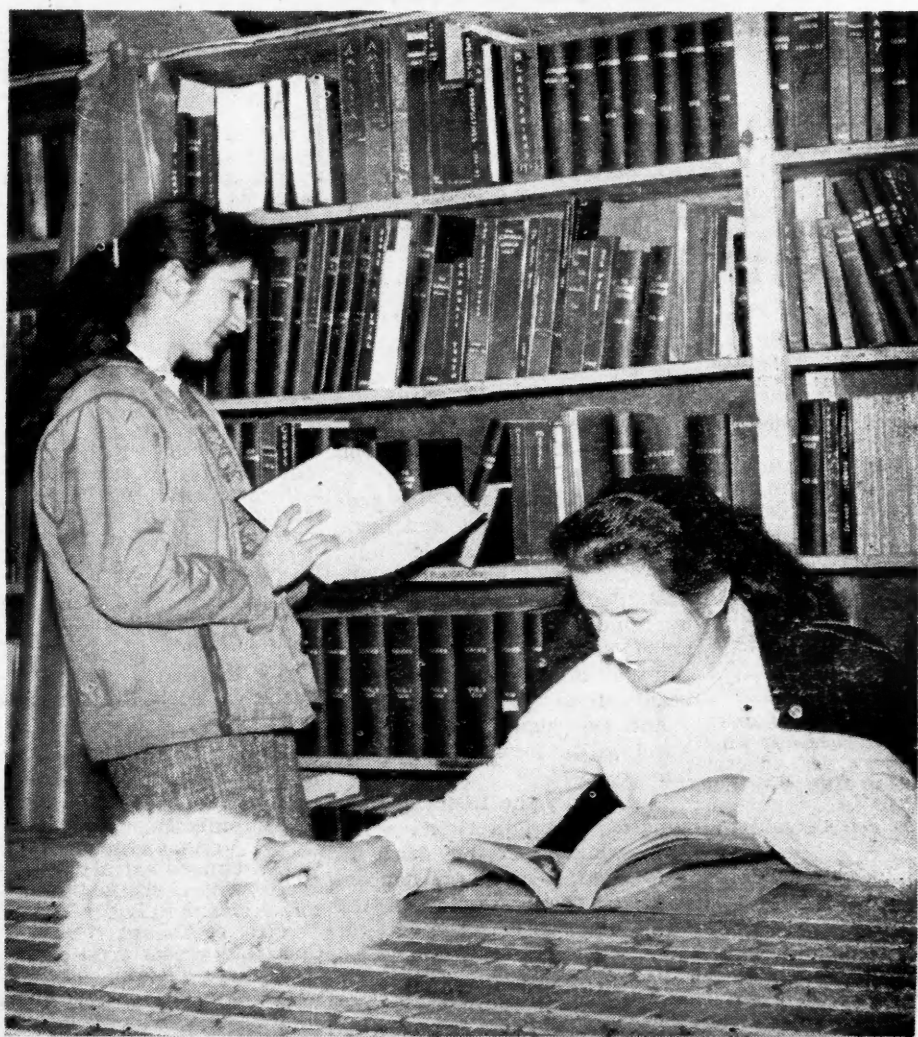
The fury of the storm  
Depicts His anger when  
His justice is aroused.

The gentle drop of showers  
Spells out His grace  
That causes souls to grow.

The heavenly blue sky  
Proclaims His joy  
In our Virgin Mother Queen.

And the stars that punctuate  
His skies at night  
Serve as a crown for her.

O God, I love the books You  
write  
I love Your wordless language  
Teach me to write it too!



Life at Madonna House is busy enough, yet even at its busiest there are leisure periods. Here are Laurette Patenaude and Guadalupe Zabaco, two of our staff workers, spending a few quiet moments in the library. Miss Patenaude, who is in charge of two kitchens, one at St. Ben's farm and one at Madonna House, is not, as you might suspect, looking at one of the many cook books. We have a library of cook books too, and many thousands of recipes. Did you know, for instance, that there are more than 1200 ways of cooking eggs? Ask Laurette. Guadalupe, sitting, who came to us from Spain and Nicaragua, works mostly in the clothing room; but she is also familiar with the kitchen and other departments. The cat is Snowball. Or should one say it was Snowball? Alas, he was banished because he was too fond of squirrels, chipmunks, and blue jays — and too clever at catching them.



## GLORY TO GOD

(Continued from Page One)  
beset with rubies and emeralds and diamonds. But the man's angel was there with him—and he scoffed at the words of the Irish angels.

"Tis the way of them all," he told Orion. "The more those angels see of the Irish, the more Irish they themselves become. 'Tis exaggerating, they were, telling you of a sit-down strike. Bedad, there's good and bad in men of all lands, and an angel that knows his business has always a chance. Even with the worst of them he has a chance—and he never lays down on the job. Off with you now, for I'm in my busiest hour. It wasn't enough this poor soul given me to guard should be steeped in corruption, but he's steeped in riches too! And it's the gold that's worrying me. It'll drag him down to the deepest pit of hell, if I can't lift the weight of it off him."

Orion looked at the face of the dying sinner, and at the gold. He shrugged his wings.

## The Flying Star

"If I could be of any help"—he offered. Not as if he meant it, of course, but only out of politeness.

The other angel shook his head.

"Where there's much gold," he said, "only God Himself can be of any help. Be on your way, little one, and a Merry Christmas!"

"The same to you," said Orion, "and many of them."

He was over North Africa when he looked at the stars again, and saw that he would have to hurry. And hurry he did.

He was still far from the town of Bethlehem when he heard the Angel chorus singing of peace on earth. But with all his hurry he stopped to bless himself, like the good Catholic he was. And then he hurried twice as fast.

Sure he hurried so fast that, what with the friction of the wind and the excitement of getting there on time, he began to shine like a great star.

And, as everybody knows now, he got there, just above the stable, in the very nick of time so that his shining glory would do honor to the Child just born.

Never was an angel happier in all eternity, up to this moment, than Orion hovering over the stable in Bethlehem, listening to his fellow angels singing, and watching the shepherds leave their flocks to come and adore. "Glory be to God," he thought to himself, puzzled like, "I never was happier in heaven itself."

He watched the shepherds go one by one into the stable, and he bade each and every one of them a Merry Christmas. But they didn't answer him. Sure they were bewildered creatures, what with the singing of the angels and the message they had brought to earth, and the splendor of Orion blazing like a great star just overhead. 'Twas dumb-founded they were, besides their bewilderment.

## The Wondrous Name

At last there came a shepherd holding a little girl by the hand, a pretty little girl with hair so red it shone even in the dark.

"Merry Christmas," Orion said to her. He said it a little bashfully, not as he had said it to the men. He had seen men, but until now he had never beheld the beauty of a little girl. So naturally he was bashful. The little girl looked up, hearing his voice, and smiled at him.

"Come see the Baby," she bade him.

Sure Orion was just waiting for some such invitation, and with no more ado he dropped down through the roof, and he hovered over the crib in utter joy and amazement.

His little heart fair burst with his great love. And a great hunger and thirst to sing Hosannas was on him. But alas he had never learned to sing! He could only adore in silence!

"What's the Baby's name," the little girl asked the Lady who, seated in the straw, leaned over the Child, blessing Him with her smile.

"His name is Jesus," said the Lady.

The angel's heart hammered and hammered inside him as he heard the name. It was such a beautiful name! And O if those angels outside would only hush up their noise and let him hear that Lady's voice more clearly! Despite his exultation in all he saw and heard, he was vexed with the angelic choir.

How long he remained there, worshipping with all his heart and soul, and feasting his eyes on Mary and Joseph as well as on the Baby, Orion himself couldn't have told you. But it was soon enough he was out in the cold night with the other angels, and them somewhat disgruntled and unlike themselves.

"Glory be to God," Orion said to the choir leader, "why are you so wry-mouthed and glum on such a night?"

## No Christmas Present?

"Arra now," said the leader, "leave it to a cherub to ask impertinent questions. If it wasn't Christmas day itself, devil an answer I'd be giving you. But, if you must know, there was a sour note somewhere. When the daughter of the shepherd went into the stable, the Son of God cared no more for our music than if we were but the wind, and it hissing like a silly goose. I don't think He listened to us after that."

He strapped his harp comfortably under his left wing so it wouldn't bother him in the homeward flight. "Now that He's a mortal man, a child is sweeter to Him than all the music we can make."

It wasn't exactly grumbling they were as they shot up to heaven. It was just letting themselves talk things out. And it wasn't altogether unhappy they felt. It was more like a deep puzzlement that was on them, and a sense of having been inadequate somehow.

Orion himself, though no happier angel lived, had no comfort at all, at all, in the knowledge that he was going back empty-handed to the throne. Out of all the treasures of earth he had brought nothing. He had no Christmas present of any kind for God. The shame of it began to tear at the overwhelming happiness in his heart. And by the time he stood before the Creator he could only hang his head.

The singing angels reported all that had happened, and all heaven rejoiced. Never was the music more divine. Never were angels rapt in such ecstasy. Never, it seemed to Orion, peeking through the fingers he had clasped over his eyes—did God's face shine with such majesty and beauty.

"And there was a little girl with shiny hair," the leader said. "I know," God answered, and He beckoned Orion to come close. "You," He said, "tell me what happened in the stable."

"I felt myself in heaven," the wee cherub said simply. "I felt at home. But when the Lady, His sweet mother, told the little girl His name, I would have died of joy if I could die. His name is Jesus!"

## The Greatest Gift

At that, all heaven that was in a delirium of joy, doubled and trebled its joy a thousand times. The place rocked with sheer delight. The trumpeter angels blew so loudly into their instruments they caused tornadoes and whirlwinds and cyclones and wicked storms on earth. The harpists and the violinists and the piano players and the drummers were in such a frenzy of action on strings and keys and drum-heads that the sun and the moon and all the planets spun around in a cosmic dance.

And God reached out and clasped the little angel close to His all-holy breast and hugged him so that, angel or not, he swooned away like a chit of a girl. Sure not even St. Michael himself, prince of all the angels and general of all the armies, had ever such great bliss of God.

When he came to, Orion listened, almost incredulously, to God's praises.

"You have brought me the greatest gift any angel has ever given Me. You have brought into heaven the greatest joy since heaven is—the name of My Son Jesus!"

"Go you back now, for your reward, beloved child, and hover brightly over that stable until the wise kings come from the East. Souls you may not bring me, since you are no guardian angel. But men to adore My Son you shall draw, with your shining beauty, from far off parts."

And He kissed the darling angel on the forehead ere He let him go.

'Tis a story the Irish tell their children, on bright nights in Advent—wheresoever the Irish be. Yet, bedad, it may have happened just as the Irish tell it, on that lovely night so long ago.

## JOURNEY INWARD

(Continued from Page One)

That descended  
In the shape  
Of a Child!

Quite suddenly  
It seemed to me  
I was Humanity  
And in my arms  
I held  
Love Incarnate—  
A Child!

Shafts  
Of light  
Danced in  
Delight  
Around about  
Me . . .  
And power,  
And glory,  
And utter  
Majesty  
Surrounded  
Me  
Like a crown.

The sea was  
At my feet—  
A cradle  
Deep,  
All  
Held up  
By stars  
That bound,  
Held,  
Lulled,  
Sang  
And sang  
Eternal Lullabies  
To a Child-King.

The trees  
Stood straight  
Around about me  
In sheer  
Delight,  
And all  
Wild and tame  
Things  
Danced  
With delight,  
Around the Child  
And Me!

## Cooking With Mary

By Catherine Doherty

Perhaps you might be interested in a few of the foreign recipes for Christmas cakes or other foods that bring us closer to our neighbors.

## From Rumania

12 cups flour  
6 egg yolks  
4 tsp. vegetable oil  
lukewarm water (about 2½ cups)  
Flour for rolling dough (about 2 cups)  
3 cups coarsely chopped walnuts  
1¼ cups sugar  
1 cup (½ lb.) butter, melted  
½ cup honey

1. Put flour in large mixing bowl; make a well in center; put in egg yolks and oil. With a fork beat eggs and oil, gradually working in the flour, adding lukewarm water gradually to make a soft dough. Knead dough until it is very light; then place it on lightly floured board, cover with a bowl and let stand in warm place for 45 min.

2. Meanwhile, mix walnuts and sugar. Cover large table with a clean cloth; sprinkle entire surface with flour. Cut dough into six pieces; knead into balls; keep covered with bowl.

4. Roll dough pieces, one at a time, to the size of a man's handkerchief, lifting and turning frequently to make sure dough does not stick; brush top lightly with a little oil. Flour hands, both palms and backs; carefully stretch the dough from the underside, starting at the center of dough, until it is tissue thin, being careful not to make holes.

5. Trim edges of dough; cut into 9-in. squares; place these, one on top of the other, on greased jelly roll pan; brush each layer (including top) with melted butter and sprinkle with nut-sugar mixture (about 2 tbsps. each). Recipe will make about 40 to 50 layers.

6. Bake in moderate (350 degrees F.) oven, 15 minutes; pour honey over top, bake 45 to 50 minutes more. If top browns too fast, cover with brown paper or aluminum foil. Cut into squares to serve.

The beautiful and symbolic part of this recipe is that the thin coats of rolled dough represent the swaddling clothes of the Christ Child.

## FRANCE

Buche de Noel—Christmas Log  
5 egg yolks  
¼ cup cake flour  
3 tbsps. cocoa  
¼ tsp. baking powder  
¼ tsp. salt  
1 cup confectioner's sugar  
¼ tsp. ground cinnamon  
½ tsp. almond extract  
5 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
coffee cream filling (recipe follows)  
Chocolate cream frosting (recipe follows)  
Candied green pineapple rings or angelica, for decoration.

1. Line a greased (15½ x 10½ x 1-in.) jelly roll pan with waxed paper.

2. Beat egg yolks until thick and pale.

3. Sift together flour, cocoa, baking powder, salt, sugar and cinnamon; add to egg yolks; beat well.

4. Stir in almond extract and gently fold in beaten egg whites until batter is well blended.

5. Spread batter evenly in prepared jelly roll pan and bake in moderate (350 degrees F.) oven for 12 to 15 minutes, or until pointed knife when inserted comes out clean.

6. Quickly turn the cake out on damp towel sprinkled with confectioner's sugar. Trim edges, roll cake in towel in jelly roll fashion, cool; reserve cut edges.

7. When cake has cooled and is ready to fill, unroll and spread evenly with Coffee Cream Filling, and roll again. Slice off ends of cake diagonally.

8. Roll out cake edges into shape of knots; fasten and secure with toothpicks on surface of roll to simulate rings where branches were cut off.

9. Spread Chocolate Cream Frosting over roll with spatula. Run tines of fork through frosting to make a rough surface in imitation of bark. Decorate with candied green pineapple, cut into leaves.

## COFFEE CREAM FILLING

½ cup butter  
¾ cup sifted confectioners sugar  
2 egg yolks  
1 teaspoon dry instant coffee  
1 tbs. hot water  
Cream butter until soft; add sugar gradually and cream until smooth. Beat in egg yolks; coffee and water; beat until easy to spread.

## CHOCOLATE CREAM FROSTING

¾ cup butter  
1 cup confectioners sugar  
2 egg yolks  
2 (2 oz.) sqs. unsweetened chocolate, melted  
3 tbsps. cocoa  
Cream butter until soft; add sugar gradually, and cream until smooth. Beat in egg yolks, melted chocolate and cocoa; beat until easy to spread.

This Christmas Log is not only festive for Yuletide board, but DELICIOUS! Your family will love it!

One Man's Scrap Is  
Another Man's Gold

By Catherine Doherty

Christmas is a special time for cleaning up. Good housewives go through a house from attic to cellar, and look at things with new eyes. Perhaps touched by the magic wand of love. Things that seemed necessary, or held some special memories, suddenly become things to give away, if only because they have a little more meaning than things one does not need.

Eyes made wise with the love of God, see Him clearly in our needy neighbor. So we give away at this season that which we like most but don't quite need . . . in which we took delight . . . and now want someone else to enjoy.

Realizing the goodness of men's hearts, I once again come to ask if in those attics and in those basements, and in every room in-between, you haven't such things. We can use, at this season especially, things that bring joy to those who have so few.

That picture which is, perhaps, just one too many, but that you like, will delight someone else's home. That flower vase that had such a nice color and caught the sun so well, will bring sunshine into another human heart. That lovely tea pot or cup might make the days of an invalid brighter, and the tea better tasting. That statue or our Lady, or the Infant, or some Saint might be just the thing that will start lovingness in another's heart. Share the beauty that you have in your home . . . at this season . . . with those who have so little beauty in their lives. A book you have cherished and enjoyed, (the shawl you liked . . . the poem of giving could go on endlessly.

We of Madonna House always need what men call scrap—and which to us is gold. Right now we are trying to start a bookmobile to go around and about the countryside and bring the joy of reading to young and old. So children's books—and good light adult books—the biographies of the saints, stories of Canada, and books that will interest a farmer and his wife, will be most welcome.

Our men's department is making a novena to St. Joseph for the following items—an air compressor; an Orv-acetylene welding outfit; a D.C. electric welder; a paint sprayer; wood screws, bolts and nuts; electrical wire and fixtures and things like switches, plugs, fluorescent light fixtures and electrical boxes.

The office is clamoring for typewriters, stationery of all kinds, and office supplies. The girls who run the farm kitchen are still looking desperately for old-fashioned cheese forms and any butter-making equipment. We make our own cheese and butter these days.

Christmas Eve  
By Sister Francis

'Twas such a humble home HE had—  
A cold and draughty stable;  
But LOVE was Light and Heat in it,  
And SERVICE set the table! . . .

And now it stands—our poor old Home—  
Its Christmas hidden in  
The Gospel's simple statement:  
"They found  
No room in the Inn."

Too true: HE met cold hearts that night;  
HE found no welcoming;  
But when WE rapped at YOUR front door,  
What warmth and sheltering! . . .

Our bright new Home is YOUR kind gift!  
What words can ever repay?  
We truly say: "God bless your hearts  
Today and every day!"



A woman said to our Lord that she would be satisfied with the crumbs falling from a richly laden table. Two of our newest foundations would also be grateful this glorious feast of Christmas.

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